

Now, some of you perhaps may imagine, from the similarity of the names, that I am a distant relation of the famous *John Bunyan*, the pious and much-admired Author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. But as I have not the honour to be any way related to that truly worthy man, so neither have I the vanity to think myself capable of becoming his equal in that wonderful flow of invention, and natural simplicity and easiness of language, by which he is so eminently distinguished as a writer. However, such as my little performance is, here it comes: and therefore wishing, my little masters and misses, that it may be the happy means of making you good children now, and of preparing you to be good gentlemen and ladies hereafter, I shall beg leave to subscribe myself,

Your most affectionate friend,

And very humble servant,

Don Stephano Bunyano.

From my lodgings in the uppermost story.

CHAP.

CHAP. I.

*Containing a Description of the Enchanted Castle, and a short Account of its Governor the Giant Instruction.*

ABOUT four hundred leagues (or twelve hundred miles English) directly south from the Cape of Good Hope; which I must inform you is the most southern point of the coast of Africa; there is a large cluster of small islands, which by the natives are called the *Fortunate, or Happy Isles*. I do not remember, indeed, that I have seen them in the European maps; but if any person will be at the trouble and expense to go and search the seas till he finds them, he will then be as well satisfied of their existence as I am. As to the method of my getting from thence to England, and the particular business I am come upon, together with the length of time I intend to stay; these

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